EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. IX. BOSTON, JANUARY 8, 1888. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

ON THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.

A GOOD BUSINESS QUALITY.

BY EDITH ROBINSON.

HARRY SOMERS came into the sitting-room and flung his books on the table with an emphasis that made his sister Jennie jump from her seat in the bay-window. Then he threw his cap into a chair, — the drill-cap adorned with the three little gilt letters that he had put on so exultingly that morning, with a long look in the glass, picturing to himself a certain glittering ornament that was to decorate its front before many days, — the eagle of a captain. Then he flung himself into a chair, and exclaimed, —

"It 's the meanest thing I ever heard of!"

"What 's mean?" queried Jennie. "What 's happened?"

"Who 's mean?" echoed his mother, coming into the room at that moment and catching the last words.

"Everybody and everything," replied Harry, bitterly. "I 'll never set foot in that school again!"

"Why, Harry, what has happened? You set off this morning in the highest spirits. You were glad to see the boys again, and pleased to get back to books after your long vacation," said his mother.

"And most of all, you were delighted with the thought that you were to be captain," added Jennie.

"That is just what the trouble is. I am not captain. I am not even lieutenant, — not that I would have consented to be anything less than captain. They even had the impertinence to offer me the first sergeantship. I only wonder they did n't put me into the awkward squad," concluded Harry, with growing indignation, as he related his wrongs, or what he chose to regard as such.

"What a shame! But who is captain?" queried Jennie, with mingled sympathy and curiosity.

"Harvey Ward."

"Oh, I 'm so glad!"

"Jennie!" said her mother, reprovingly.

"I did n't mean just that, Harry," said his sister, apologetically. "I only meant that as long as you are not captain, I am glad Harvey Ward is. He is always so pleasant."

"I never had any doubt that *I* should be," continued Harry, too full of his own wrongs to pay much attention to his sister's words. "I have looked forward to, and worked for, the captaincy ever since I entered the school. Everybody owns that I drill the best of any fellow there. Harvey Ward drills fairly well, but no better than half the fellows do; and yet they ran him in ahead of me, and cheered like mad when the result of the election was announced. I call it mean!" and Harry punched the sofa-pillow by his side as though he would not have been sorry had it been his rival's head.

"What did Harvey Ward do when he found he was captain?" questioned Jennie.

"He said, 'Oh, dry up!' and laughed to the fellows, and then came straight to me and put out his hand. 'I can't refuse if the fellows want me,' he said. 'Will you be my first lieutenant?'"

"And what did you say?" asked Mrs. Somers, with an odd little smile.

"I said 'No,' of course, and walked away. The idea of his having the assurance to expect me to shake hands!"

"I think that was too bad of you!" cried Jennie, warmly. "He could n't help it if the boys wanted him for captain instead of you. I like Harvey Ward. He is always so nice to us younger girls at dancing-school, and I never meet him anywhere but what he is always the same, — so pleasant!"

"He would n't go any farther out of his way to oblige you than anybody else."

"I think he would," returned Jennie, with decision. "Any way, when I see a person who has always a smiling look and a pleasant word, it makes me feel that he would go to the end of the world for me. And as I don't want him to go there, or anywhere else, I take the will for the deed, my heart warms to him, and I feel willing to do anything in turn for him;" which, for a girl of fifteen, was not bad.

"I don't see as it is anything very wonderful to always have a smile and a word for everybody," grumbled Harry.

"I do not agree with you there, my boy," said his mother, decidedly. "As to its being easy to be pleasant at all times, no one has as yet ever found it so. It only comes by constant, unceasing effort; and the effect of a ready word and smile is to my mind simply wonderful, taken even in the matter of worldly success. The reward is not always to the clever and the persevering. I like to think that simple goodness, the kindly spirit that shows itself in the thousand and one little acts of daily intercourse, mere words, perhaps, though they be, succeeds far oftener than the world believes."

"The fellows like me, too," protested Harry. "I 'm not disobliging like Gray, nor hateful and sneering like Stone, nor such a blunderer as Dunton."

"It is of the little things that I am speaking. They do not all come by nature; they do require thought and painstaking, however spontaneous they may seem. Great deeds are given to few to perform; but it is the little ones that make up the sum of human happiness. You took a magazine for me this morning to old Mrs. Clark's. It was obliging, for her house was out of your way. You had nothing disagreeable to say to Jennie because she had forgotten the errand yesterday, and you probably did it without tripping over the mat or inquiring for Mr. Clark, who comes home tipsy every night. But I wonder if you made Mrs. Clark feel as one does when the sun comes into the room after cloudy weather?"

"I know what you did," said Jennie, mischievously, as her brother paused, nonplussed at a new view of the situation. "You would n't come in, though she asked you twice. You said, 'My-mother-sent-you-the-last-"Century"-good-by,' and were off like a shot, leaving Mrs. Clark in doubt as to what you had thrust into her hands, and looking after you bewildered as you raced up the street to be in time for that game of ball."

Harry winced, looked provoked, but finally laughed, as he acknowledged, —

"I do believe that was just what I did. She dropped the magazine, too, and I was in too much of a hurry to pick it up. I heard her saying 'Land!' or 'Mercy!' but that did n't need any reply, did it?"

"What would Harvey Ward have done in your place?"

"I don't know. Oh, hang it! mother," cried Harry, in boyish impatience, "I can't stop for that sort of thing!"

"I 'll tell you," said Jennie, laughing. "He would have come in and taken the rocking-chair Mrs. Clark pushed out for him, and sat in it as though he liked spikes and bars. And he would have said, 'How do you do?' and listened while she told him about her 'rheumatiz.' And he would have said something about the last war-paper in the 'Century' that he had pored over and talked about till he had convinced his family that war is indeed a great evil. And Mrs Clark would have felt that life did not mean to her just the button-holes that she has to bend over till all life seems sometimes made up of holes and emptiness. And then — because he is n't a muff and was in a hurry for that game of ball — he would have got up and looked for a moment into the next room, where Frank Clark has been lying ever since he had that fall on the ice last winter, and would have said, 'Hullo, Frank! feel pretty chipper this morning, old boy? There 's a first-rate piece in the "Century." Good-by.' And his call would have brightened the whole day for them both."

Harry had grown serious again, then puzzled. Finally he said, —

"But I never thought of all that making any difference with a fellow's success in life."

"It is not in that spirit that I would have you think of it. But merely in the matter of worldly success I will tell you how much that one little phrase of Jennie's, 'He is always so pleasant,' will do for a man. There were two artists, both poor, both dependent on their own exertions for success in life. They were equally talented and persevering. The first was born in a New England village that before he reached manhood had become a fashionable seaside resort. He had the foundation of a good art education at the Normal Art School, and was able afterwards to study in the studios of one or two masters in the city; then he opened his own studio in his native town. There he had every advantage. He was surrounded by beautiful scenery; he could never go out of doors without seeing picture after picture. His studio was a large, old-fashioned room, with wainscoted walls and an open fireplace with andirons, — just the place to attract city people by its quaintness.

"Talent may find friends, but it, alone, cannot keep them. The young artist met with them. One woman, a lover of art and of wide social influence, visited him and admired his work. She sent his cards to half a dozen of her own intimates, all eligible people. Another, a mere fashionable but kind-hearted woman, called at his studio with a friend. All of these people were pleased with the young man's pictures, and several bought of him; but none of them ever cared to visit his studio again. None of them ever said to friends, 'Come with me to his studio. He is always so pleasant.'

"He struggled on for years. Some of his pictures were gems. People wondered that he did not 'get on.' He could not make a living out of art, that was clear. At last he locked his studio-door, — the studio that might so easily have become the fashion, — and is now teaching drawing and mathematics somewhere in an obscure country town.

"The other artist was also born in a fishing-village, though it never, like the native town of the first, became a summer resort. He had absolutely no advantages, unless you may count as such a dozen lessons in drawing from an itinerant artist, who one winter gave lessons evenings in the district schoolhouse. All the time that he could be spared from fishing he spent with pencil and paper, drawing boats, rocks, the water, a fisherman's old house, — there was no lack of picturesque material about him. He puzzled over knotty points, he tried experiments, he had to feel

every step of the way; but he was growing all the time both in knowledge of art and strength of purpose, and I think, too, in strength of soul. At last — he was then a young man — two or three ladies came to the village to spend a few weeks. They saw his work and it was good, and they said so; and there the matter might have rested.

"But the young fellow was so thoroughly amiable, he wanted so to please, not only by his work, but by his personality, that the ladies liked to talk with him, to draw out his ideas, to have him for their boatman when they went on the water. And by and by one of them said, 'Why not come to Dashville this summer? The shore is fine there, too, and people would see your work.'

"It was his chance. The tide had come which was to lead on to fortune. People came to his studio, and they came again, and they brought their friends; and the end of it all was that the young fisherman took a studio in town the next winter, and might have painted the veriest daubs and they would have been admired.

"Now his good fortune was not luck, as many said, — lasting success does not often come from that, — but it was just because he was 'always so pleasant.'

"For people may talk about the selfishness of humanity as much as they like, I never will believe that it is 'every one for himself' unless we choose to set the world the example. It may be, Harry, that you have learned a lesson that will serve you on more important occasions. Men like the warm grasp of the hand, the friendly look, and the pleasant word. There is as much truth as sentimentality in the words of the old song, —

> "'''T is love, 't is love, 't is love
> That makes the world go round.'"

A SPARTAN GIRL.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.

GORGO lived in Sparta about five hundred years before Christ. As Spartan men cared more about the honor of their country than for anything else, we imagine that even the children had strong feelings of patriotism. The girls, as well as the boys, knew what the pride and glory of Sparta meant, and looked upon the brave deeds of their fathers in defence of country as the most admirable part of their lives.

It fell to little Gorgo, when she was hardly ten years old, to herself help Sparta in quite a remarkable way.

Over in Ionia, at the capital, Miletus, was Aristagoras the Governor, who, with many of the Greeks living in that province, was discontented with being subject to Persia. He was forming a plan to raise an army and march against Persia, should he be able to gain enough help from the neighboring States.

Histiæus, the brother-in-law of Aristagoras, was in Persia, kept there by King Darius. He had been at one time governor at Miletus, instead of Aristagoras. But Darius was probably suspicious of his loyalty, and had displaced him, pretending that he needed his services at the great Persian capital, Suza. Histiæus was unwilling to remain there, yet was forced to do so. Suza, with its splendid court and treasures, did not attract him half so much as the idea of freedom. He thought of many ways of escaping, and at last took this means: —

He sent a slave to the capital of Ionia who bore in a most singular manner a message to Aristagoras. His directions were for his head to be shaved. There, tattooed on the scalp, was Histiæus's request for Aristagoras to rouse the Ionians to a revolt, as he would immediately be ordered there to quell it.

This spurred Aristagoras on in his plan. What people could be chosen as most useful allies? The Spartans, of course, on account of their courage and discipline in warfare. He set out for Sparta.

Ancient Ionia was in Asia Minor, on the sea now known as the Archipelago. Crossing this sea, Aristagoras came to Sparta, near the southern part of Greece. He brought a large sum of gold with him, and a map of the world on a brass plate.

He sought an interview with King Cleomenes, and showed his map, and proceeded to tell how they might invade Persia and secure her riches. Even kings were not well acquainted with geography in those days. Learned men, to be sure, made maps of the world, but it was for the most part according to their own notions. Their maps were full of grotesque mistakes. Could we see one of them now, we should be much amused with such an object of curiosity.

King Cleomenes had many questions to ask. He knew scarcely anything of Persia, or what would be necessary for an expedition to that country. Aristagoras answered him warily. Nothing was decided at the first interview, and Aristagoras came again.

Little Gorgo, who dearly loved her father, soon saw that his mind was taken up with some disturbing matter. This troubled her. She saw that it had to do with the stranger's visits; and one day, at play in the room where they were, she drew near, listened, and understood that her father was being drawn into undertaking a war in a distant country. But as Spartan children were proud of their parents' deeds in battle, this could not so much distress her. What did trouble her was that she saw her father was thinking of doing something his conscience did not approve.

But it happened that Aristagoras gave some information that decided King Cleomenes not to join with him. It was that it would take a three months' march, after crossing the sea, to reach Persia. He quickly ordered Aristagoras away.

But Aristagoras was not to be put off. He came next day in the humble manner of a suppliant, with an olive branch in his hand. The King relented, and again listened to him. Aristagoras offered gold to the King. Cleomenes began to waver.

Then it was that the child became master of the situation. She sprang to her father and tried to draw him away, crying, —

"Oh, come, father! Let us leave the stranger. He will harm you."

Little Gorgo's appeal was the turning-point for King Cleomenes and Sparta. Her words brought the father back to his loyalty.

Aristagoras was forced to seek elsewhere for help. The expedition ended in an entire defeat; and now King Cleomenes had greater cause than ever to be grateful to his little daughter. We imagine that he spoke to her more tenderly than to others, and that to those who knew of her act the name "Gorgo" stood for Little Helper of her Country.

IT is for Life, not so much, even, for Death, that we are to be "ready," — ready for God's call, that comes to us in an hour when we think not, and demands all the strength we should have grown to, to enable us to decide and act.

History and Biography.

ALEXANDER'S GIFT.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

THE children of the present who are blessed with bodily health, and can run and jump and play, cannot fail to take an interest in a little deformed boy, the son of a deformed father, who was born two hundred years ago. His name was Alexander Pope. He was eight years old before he attempted to learn to read or write. He was thin and weak, and his little crooked back had to be supported by a stiff buckram shirt. The blood in his veins flowed so slowly that he was almost always chilly, and in addition to the flannel and clothes such as his playmates wore, he had to put on a fur coat, and even then shivered from every passing breeze. His slender legs were covered with three pairs of woollen stockings to make them comfortable; and this was not his heaviest affliction. His head ached constantly, and pain in some part of his body was his unfailing companion. A misshapen form was partially redeemed by his large, bright, intelligent eyes.

The rich blessings of Nature, however, are more evenly distributed than many people imagine, and this boy around whom a sad, hopeless fate appeared to be woven, possessed a wonderful mental gift. The dawning genius of a poet was manifest in him from his earliest childhood.

He lived in the town of Windsor, England, where he could see the great castle in which the royal family lived a part of the year. He roamed through the great shady parks, under long avenues of towering trees, and his young eyes daily feasted upon scenes of bloom and loveliness. When Alexander was twelve years of age he began to write poetry. As he took frequent walks, his pale face and deformed body excited the pity and attention of Sir William Trumbull, who one day began a conversation with him. The bright, wise replies of Alexander amused and interested Sir William, and the youthful poet, upon a little further acquaintance, ventured to confide to him his cherished hopes of some time bringing his poems before the public.

Sir William proved a faithful friend; he encouraged him, and convinced him that he had a remarkable gift for poetry. He introduced him to his friends, and the road to fame was open to Alexander.

He was twenty-one when a volume of poems was published, which found rapid circulation. "Windsor Forest," "Rape of the Lock," "Temple of Fame," and "Essay on Man" were his most popular and brilliant productions.

The fame of Alexander Pope rose higher and higher, and spread all over England. No poet of his time could equal him in public favor; but his happiness always had a drawback in his poor distorted body. When he had reached the years of full manhood he was still a dwarf, — only four feet and one inch high. His disposition was often irritable from suffering, and his weak nerves were easily excited. He dragged out a wearisome physical existence for fifty-five years; but his sharp wit was never blunted, and the power of his pen never failed. Among his last sayings are these words of peace and joy: "I am so certain of the soul being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me, as if by intuition." He died May 30, 1744.

HEREBY we know that He abideth in us, by the Spirit which He hath given us.

Our Letter-Box.

When the Editor published Master Stevens's article, "What I know about Some Bugs," he hoped that other readers of the paper would give him the benefit of their own researches or discoveries in natural history. The article on dogs, printed below, was evidently suggested by Master Stevens's, and it shows the writer's knowledge of the animal he truly calls the "best friend of man." The Editor gladly gives it a place in this column, which especially belongs to his younger readers.

DOGS, AND WHAT I KNOW ABOUT THEM.

BY HERBERT T. BOND.

The dog probably originated in the wolf, but it is not known positively. Some say that his original parent was the fox. Dogs are rightly called the best friends of man, as they rank next to man in intelligence, and have saved his life many times.

The most intelligent of the different breeds are the collie and the shepherd species. The principal use they are put to is driving cows, sheep, etc. When they become about six months old they begin to avoid everybody but their master, his family, and his companions.

The Newfoundland and St. Bernard are valuable chiefly for their strength. The Newfoundland may be seen almost everywhere, in winter drawing children on sleds, and in summer on little carts; while the St. Bernard is almost unknown except on the Alps Mountains, where they are kept by monks who train them to find and rescue people who have become exhausted while climbing the mountains.

The terriers, pugs, and spitz are the ladies' pets. The last two can be taught to do a great many tricks, such as shaking hands, sitting up, begging for sweetmeats, jumping through hoops, playing hide-and-seek, etc.

Hounds, retrievers, pointers, spaniels, and setters are the hunting dogs. The retriever is used where the hunter shoots the birds so that they fall where he cannot get them; the hound, where strength, courage, and speed are required; the pointer because he points with his nose in the direction in which the game is; spaniels for getting the game after the hunter has shot; and the setters because they sit down facing the game. A species of hound, called the blood-hound, was used in the South, before and during the Civil War, to track slaves who were trying to escape from their so-called masters. Not many of these dogs are now kept in the United States.

The greyhound — that is, a pure-blooded animal — hunts hares and such small game. He is often crossed with the bull-dog, and is made by the crossing fleet, courageous, and strong, taking the last two from the bull-dog.

The Esquimau dog is a thick-furred dog used in Greenland to draw sledges, being all the Esquimau has for a horse. Each sledge has a leader who knows what the driver's calls mean, and the others follow him.

The bull-dog is a very ferocious and courageous animal, sometimes kept to fight other dogs publicly, and also as a guardian and watch-dog. When with his master, he walks along behind him with his nose at his master's heel.

[Mr. Editor: Dear Sir, — I have either found out myself, or else have been told by other persons, what I have said here. When I wrote it I did not ask about anything, or look up anything in any book.

Yours,

H. T. B.]

The criticism contained in the letter below interested us much. Both the maker of the Square Word and Master Schulz have to be defended. The word "home" in English is used to designate one's country, one's town, and one's fireside, indiscriminately. While the word *patrie* means one's home in the sense of one's country, it would never be used in speaking of one's house, one's fireside. *Heim, heimath*, the words Master Schulz speaks of, do exactly correspond with the English word "home," but they are only used in parts of Austria and Switzerland, and sometimes elsewhere poetically. In all North Germany they have to use three words (like the French) to designate the country, the town-home, and the house, or fireside. We have not ventured to make this assertion without consulting a professor of French and German who is German by birth, and who has been long enough in this country to get at the inner sense of our words, not always at once perceived by a foreigner.

Dearest Unitarian Sunday-School Society, — I have not much time to spend for finding answers to the puzzles in Every Other Sunday, but I must protest against the remark to the "Square Word" in No. IV. (page 28, 1st column, bottom). The answer is: "Noah, octo, atom, home;" and of the latter word, "home," the assertion is made that "neither the French nor the German language have any word for it."

As to the French language, my uncle says that the word *patrie* means as well "home" as "own country," derived from the Latin *pater*, "father."

As to the German language, however, that maintaining is merely false, — the word "home" itself being derived from the Anglo-Saxon *hâm*, high German *heim, heimath*, etc.

Would it not be advisable to that square-word maker to study and know a little more of the German language before assuming the place of a judge of the same?

Very respectfully,

Herman Schulz,

Scholar of the Unitarian S. S. at Marietta, O.

ENIGMA IX.

I am composed of 62 letters.

My 47, 39, 23, is a fowl.

My 13, 55, 15, 19, 31, 58, 3, 11, 15, 25, is a fruit.

My 50, 27, 31, 43, 25, is meek.

My 32, 2, 33, 1, 38, 17, 20, 53, is a very large animal.

My 1, 41, 37, 14, 51, 54, is a vegetable in common use.

My 56, 36, 60, 39, 18, 37, is just.

My 52, 59, 12, is a tray for carrying mortar.

My 29, 42, 11, 61, 49, 42, is an article of furniture.

My 27, 26, 35, 36, 29, 24, 15, is one of the months.

My 9, 48, 46, 45, 57, 40, 12, 44, 25, is a day of the week.

My 28, 4, 5, 62, 6, 26, 21, 42, 18, 16, 8, 34, 30, is one of the United States.

My 26, 10, 7 26, 22, 11, 12, is a town in Massachusetts of some Revolutionary fame.

My whole is a proverb in the Bible which it would be well for us to remember when tempted to use cross words.

Cyrus Hosmer.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN Nos. VI. AND VII.

Enigma VII. "Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make the earth an Eden
Like the heaven above.'

Enigma VIII. Happy New Year.

Acrostic No. 2.

Elijah.
Lystra.
Isaiah.
Sisera.
Hebron.
Aquila.
} Elisha.

CROSS AND SQUARE No. 2.

N A O M I
A T S
H O S E A
U U A
M A G I C

For Youngest Readers.

A STRANGE PET.

BY M. A. HALEY.

"Oh, Mamma!" cried little Albert, "the black cat has bitten one of the chickens, and it is crying hard."

Mamma went out to the hen-yard, and found the poor little chicken lying on the ground and making faint little "peeps." She took it up and brought it into the house.

On examining it carefully, Mamma found that the chicken's leg and wing were so severely hurt that it could neither run nor fly. She bandaged the leg and put the chicken in a basket, and set the basket in the sun. Chickie had never slept away from its mother's wing before, and when night came we feared it would miss that warm brooding shelter. Mamma, however, was equal to the occasion. She had a light feather-duster that just fitted the basket, and every night it covered the chicken as comfortably as its own mother's feathers. Every day we fed chickie on bread, and at the end of a week it was able to hop out of its basket and walk around the room.

Every member of the family loved the little chicken. When it was left alone it would sleep contentedly; but the moment it heard voices in the adjoining rooms it would get out of its basket and run to the door, and "peep" to have the door opened; then it would run to the nearest person, and look up as if to say, "Take me." If we took it up, it would nestle in our lap as comfortably as a kitten.

When the chicken became quite strong, Mamma said it must go back to the hen-yard, the house being no place for a well chicken; besides, she was afraid some one would step on it. The whole family went to the hen-yard to see the meeting between the chicken and its mother. Instead of greeting her child in a loving manner, the old white hen clucked so fiercely that little chickie was frightened, and ran away from its mother to us.

Mamma tried several times to persuade the chicken to go under its mother's wing, but in vain, and we had to leave them to get acquainted by themselves.

The next day we visited our little pet, and found it crouched in a corner, afraid of its mother and of us. In a few days, however, it had forgotten us completely, and chirped as merrily with its brothers and sisters as if it had never known human friends and a human mother's care.

THE LINE OF LIFE.

Straight is the path of duty,
Curved is the line of beauty;
Follow my first, and thou wilt see
The second ever following thee.

WINTER PLEASURES.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

[Our usual science article is omitted in this number; but we have put Miss Campbell's story here since it contains an interesting chapter of natural histo-y. — Editor.]

THE BEAR AND THE HASTY-PUDDING.

BY H. CAMPBELL.

It is difficult, in the pleasant circumstances of our lives, to realize the hardships experienced by the early settlers of our country. This simple story, true in every detail, will remind the readers of Every Other Sunday, even if it amuses them, that in those days the children learned from their babyhood to meet all these trials with cheerful courage. Our troubles seem only vexations when we compare our lot with theirs. May we encounter them as bravely, remembering that we owe in a great measure our present peace and comfort to their exertions.

"Agnes," said James Strong in a tone of anxiety to his young wife, "I am going down the lake and on to Albany with neighbor Royce, to get a supply of provisions for our use this winter. I am almost afraid to leave you and the children; but the Indians never have molested us, and you are not timid."

"Oh, no," answered the brave woman, cheerfully. "Moses will help me take care of the little ones."

The pioneer laughed as he answered, "Moses is only eight years old, and I do not think he could help you much if any foe should attack you. But I must go if we are to have anything from Albany this winter."

Mrs. Strong watched the two men as they rowed lustily down the lake, and then she returned cheerfully to her work. She did not feel lonely till evening closed in, when she sat down with the children around her.

"Moses," said she to the little boy, "bring some wood, and I will put the kettle over the fire and make some hasty-pudding for our supper."

The Indian-meal pudding blubbered and boiled in the big kettle over the bright fire in the open fireplace. She had placed a pan of milk on the table, and had lifted the kettle from the hook and set it down on the hearth, when Moses spoke sharply.

"What 's that, mother? Somebody 's coming."

The log house had but one room and no door. Mr. Strong had not been able to finish it, for he must clear the land to plant his corn and potatoes, and afterwards a portion for his winter wheat. Agnes had hung a blanket before the opening, which served very well during the summer; for in this new country there were no thieves, and the Indians were not in the woods near them. A few had strayed over to the clearing; but they were friendly, so these new settlers did not fear them.

However, Mrs. Strong's "portière" could not keep out intruders; and as Moses spoke, a black head was thrust into the room. It was covered with thick black hair, or fur, though around its nose and mouth it was fawn-colored, with a black snout. Even little Hannah saw that although it did not look furious, it was not the face of a friend that looked inquisitively about the room; and she called out, "Ma, the big black dog looks ugly!"

Mrs. Strong was a quick-witted woman; and when she saw that the old bear retreated at the sight of the blazing fire, perhaps the first that it had ever seen, she caught the baby from her little boy's arms (he had been playing with it while she had made the preparations for the evening meal), and saying, "Hurry up the ladder into the loft, children," she followed them as speedily as possible.

Moses asked, "Won't he come up the ladder, mother? Don't bears climb trees?"

They drew the ladder up, and placed it flat across the opening by which they had entered the loft. Mrs. Strong took off her apron and covered the hole, hoping that she could hide herself and the children from the bear.

She whispered to Moses and Hannah, "Keep still," and they looked down at the intruder. The floor of the loft was made of small poles laid closely together, but not so closely that they could not find cracks through which they could peep. While they had been making their preparations for safety, the bear had looked in several times, at first cautiously, and finally, becoming accustomed to the blaze of the fire, had walked in, followed closely by her two cubs.

"The whole family," whispered Moses to his little sister.

"Is it a big dog?" asked Hannah.

"It is a bear, and larger than any dog I ever saw, — about five feet long, I think," answered her mother.

"See what a short tail it has! Don't it look funny? It is n't as long as my little finger," said Moses. "And now it is walking under the table. How black and smooth it is!"

"It is as black as the kettle on the floor, only more shiny," whispered Mrs. Strong. "There is a little light spot about its nose."

"How cunning the little bears are!" said the little girl.

Both children would have liked the cubs for playfellows, they looked as though they could roll about so easily. And they were not large, though they were even clumsier than their mother, as they trotted along behind her.

The old bear had gone to the table on which Mrs. Strong had placed the pan of milk when she had prepared the simple meal for her little family; and in her awkward efforts to get up to the edge, standing on her hind legs, she was so unfortunate as to tip the table, upsetting the pan of milk, which ran down over her head and face and on the back of one of the little cubs, as it stood by its mother. Bruin shook herself, snorting as the milk came like a torrent over her eyes; but she was evidently hungry, for she made a dash at the pot of hot pudding. It was still bubbling and steaming. As the poor brute had never tasted anything warm before, she thrust her head down into the kettle, swallowing one large mouthful and filling her mouth with another. With her throat and mouth smarting and burning, she became furious with rage. She knocked the kettle over with her big paw, and then set herself up, endeavoring, like a dog who has his teeth stuck with molasses-candy, to cuff the annoyance out of her mouth, first one side and then the other, whining and growling. The cubs squatted one on each side of the mother, watching her antics with solemn looks.

As Hannah saw the pudding spilled she said softly, "There goes our good supper."

Mrs. Strong checked her, saying, "Do not make a noise, my daughter. We may be thankful if the bear don't see us."

But when Moses saw the bear brushing her chops with her paw, he began to laugh. He placed his hands over his mouth. At last, as mischievous children do in school, he "snickered right out." Anxious as Mrs. Strong was, a smile passed over her face. Hannah was always ready for a play or a laugh. She hardly realized the danger, and her merry burst of laughter attracted the old bear's attention. With a terrific roar, she rushed for the place from which the noise proceeded. Fortunately Mr. Strong had left a few short poles in one corner, which he intended to use in making a trap-door as soon as the cold weather came on.

"Moses," said his mother, "step over to the corner and get a stick for me."

The little boy ran quickly, and brought back a couple. He and his mother each took one. The room below was so low that when the bear made a spring at the opening, she tore down the apron.

The infuriated animal vented her wrath on the garment, but in a moment she returned. Moses stood on one side, and gave her paw so hard a whack that she was forced to retreat. His mother was ready on the other side; her blows were fast and firm. It was for her children's lives that she was fighting, and her anxiety nerved her arm.

Hannah, only five years old, had charge of the baby. It began to cry at the top of its lungs. She tried to soothe it, and it cried itself to sleep. Hannah was a spirited little lassie, and after watching the contest for a few minutes, she almost envied Moses his chance; but it was too terrible a conflict for her to meddle with.

When the bear was tired, she would lie down on the floor and glare at the family above. Again and again the contest was renewed. "Don't be afraid, mother; I will keep her down," the brave boy said. And he aided her in driving away their foe till, the fire dying down and the room becoming dark, the bear walked solemnly out of the room, followed by her two cubs.

Little Hannah and the baby were both asleep. The good mother said, "Moses, my son, you will never forget that, like David in his youth, the Lord hath delivered you from the paw of the bear."

Mrs. Strong waited till daylight, and then came cautiously down the ladder. Having assured herself that their enemy was not in sight, she cheerfully called to the children, "Moses, Hannah, come down! The old bear has gone."

As soon as possible she prepared a good breakfast; for they were all hungry after their anxious, wakeful night, especially as the bear had spoiled their supper the previous evening. Mrs. Strong thought "discretion the better part of valor," and she went with her children to the house of her good neighbor Mrs. Royce, two miles distant, and they stayed with her till her husband's return. She fortunately had an outside door, which could be closed at night so as to prevent the entrance of such unwelcome visitors as the bear and her cubs.

THE PRINCESS BLUE-EYES GIVES A PARTY.

BY CARO A. DUGAN.

The Princess Blue-Eyes is a real little maid, although that is not her real name. We call her so, because her eyes are so very blue like a bit of June sky, and because she reigns like a little princess in our midst. She is the first baby in the family after many years, and she rules us with all the sweet royalty of babyhood.

On the twentieth of October she was a year old. Of course she must give a birthday party!

We were all agreed upon that. So a week beforehand the invitations were sent out, sixteen dainty silver-lettered cards announcing: —

You are invited to my Party.

THE PRINCESS BLUE-EYES.

From 2 *until* 4 *o'clock,*
Thursday, Oct. 20, 1887.

These invitations created quite an excitement in the quiet country town where Princess Blue-Eyes had been spending the summer, and, with a single exception, were all promptly accepted. One small maiden whose picturesque beauty and little airs and graces would have been a charming addition to the party, but who had lately returned to city life, was obliged to lose this great event of the season, and sent her regrets in this fashion, dictating the note to her mamma: —

DEAR PRINCESS BLUE-EYES, —

I am sorry I cannot come to your party, but it is too far off. If you will bring your house to Allston, I will come to your party.

From dear little Hope.

The twentieth dawned fair and cloudless. Soon after breakfast a flag was seen floating over the parsonage just across the way. The pastor is a true American patriot, and we thought surely there must be some great national triumph of which we were in ignorance, so hastened to inquire.

"Why, it is the Princess Blue-Eyes' birthday!" he replied.

The doctor hearing of this, and determined not to be outdone, shook out his stars and stripes to the breeze.

Thereupon the Princess Blue-Eyes' mamma declared it was a shame that our own flag should remain housed on such a day; and that also was displayed. All day long the three flags waved their bright folds in the fresh sea breeze, in honor of the birth of our little American "Princess." Through the day, also, gifts kept coming, — dainty articles of dress, pretty handkerchiefs, books, silver, toys, and flowers; for friends both near and far united in loving remembrance of this first birthday anniversary.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the guests assembled, and "the party began," as the children say. We had been somewhat doubtful, beforehand, as to the behavior of the Princess. She is shy at times, and hides her face when called upon to make advances. But to our delight, she proved fully equal to this grand occasion, and received her guests with sweet graciousness and condescension. She was dressed charmingly in white, with shoulder knots of blue ribbon fastened by slender gold bars, — her papa's gift, — and was indeed a lovely little hostess, so dimpled and fair, with her blue eyes shining, and the rose hue of excitement in cheeks and lips.

Her papa was greatly amused, as the guests arrived, to see gray hair and golden side by side, and blooming girls of twelve or twenty years leading up children not many birthdays in advance of the Princess.

All were welcome to our Blue-Eyes, however, who gave her hand with equal cordiality to each, — from the genial gray-haired pastor and his wife to little Ethel, a child but six months older than herself.

One little maiden was received with especial favor, the Princess leaning forward to pat her face in a pretty, caressing way; and indeed such favor was hardly to be wondered at, for little Mary was fair and sweet to behold, in festal array of blue and white, plump and rosy, with eyes as blue and hair as yellow as if she were a little German Gretchen. She was delightfully natural and free from self-consciousness.

"I never went to a party before in my world!" she declared, and her simple hearty enjoyment of the day was a pretty sight in the eyes of her elders.

We played the good old games of "Jerusalem" and "stage coach" and "Sally Waters," in which all joined, young and old. The Princess was especially delighted with "stage coach." She had a place in the ring, seated in her nurse's lap, and shouted and leaped with excitement whenever there was a general rush for seats.

Then all fell into line by twos for a grand march in and out of the hall and parlors, led by the mamma and aunt of the Princess. This brought us to the dining-room, where sandwiches, cake, and candy were served; also pretty bonbons, which, when snapped, were found to contain paper caps of various colors and shapes. These were received with great merriment, and the bright locks of the children were quickly adorned with them.

In the centre of the table stood a frosted birthday cake bearing one lighted candle in token of the one year of our baby's life, and surrounded by flowers tied up in pretty nosegays, that were presented, one to each guest. Another smaller birthday cake was to be seen, charmingly decorated with a garland of sweet-peas, with which later we crowned the gold locks of our little Princess.

This part of the entertainment was followed by a story from the good pastor, who has an especial gift for talking simply and delightfully to the young people. Several of the children recited verses, and others sung with sweet childish voices.

Little Mary was cheerfully ready to do her part. Some one said to her, "Of course one always does whatever one is asked to do at a party. I suppose you will sing for the Princess?"

"Oh, yes," said the child, and at once began to recite, —

"'Little Miss Muffet,
She sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey,'" —

an exercise which she called singing. The words mixed themselves up in an amusing way as they came from her lips, and with a funny little frown she stopped, exclaiming, "Oh, I am not singing it good at all!" She responded instantly to another request that she would dance, and skipped about the room in pretty childish abandon. This performance was greeted with great applause, the small Princess clapping as heartily as the rest.

The Princess herself was now asked to dance. A merry tune was played, and while her nurse held her fast she made her small feet keep vigorous time to the music, laughing and showing her little white teeth all the while.

At four o'clock each guest came up to bid the sweet hostess good-by. Dear little Princess! It had been a happy day for her, and for us a pleasant ending to this one bright year of her life. I am sure that none of us will ever forget the Princess Blue-Eyes' first party.

THE glory of man consists not in looking up to what is above him, but in lifting up what is below him; the noblest and most exalted character is also the tenderest and most helpful.

LET not thy peace depend on the tongues of men.

Teachers' Department.

CHANNING HALL TALKS.

THE PENTATEUCH AND JOSHUA.

AT Channing Hall on Thursday afternoon, December 8, the lecture-talk to Sunday-school teachers was given by Rev. C. F. Dole, the beginning of his series upon "Studies in the Pentateuch and Book of Joshua." He spoke of the position of the Old Testament as that of a book which contains facts, and which we are to approach without expecting too much from it, — without feeling that it has any special claim to our consideration above that which any other collection of facts would have. If it cannot interest us on its merits, we will not waste effort in forcing interest. Where did this "Hexateuch" — that is, the Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament, and the Book of Joshua — come from? The work itself gives us no dates, nor does the *Hebrew* Pentateuch anywhere give the name of Moses as its author. These books are not necessarily the oldest parts of the Old Testament because they are put at the beginning of it. In the New Testament there are Epistles which were written before any of the four Gospels.

The lecturer then touched briefly upon many indications in the Hexateuch of a late authorship. Certainly, in its present form, it is not older than the time of Ezra, or the fifth century before Christ, nine hundred years after the time of Moses. If in the time of the writer or compiler certain traditions of much earlier times were current, still the writer could only repeat so much of these as suited his purpose and in the form that best suited that purpose. In Ezra's time anonymous writers or compilers seized and incorporated in their books whatever came in their way, — stories, bits of history, poems, law books, fragments of prophecies or sermons, etc., without putting in any quotation marks. We have to find the quotations for ourselves, and often this takes hard critical study.

For general reading or for use in Sunday-school we need not concern ourselves with the whole Hexateuch, much of which is dry annals or details of legislation or repetitions of what has been stated before. That part of the work which lies between the first chapter of Genesis and the twentieth chapter of Exodus contains the stories and narratives that it is profitable for us to read and study. And, for our use of so much of the Hexateuch, questions of historical criticism have but little value. A beautiful verse is beautiful, whether first uttered in the eighth or in the eighteenth century before Christ. An incredible story is just as incredible whether the name of the story-teller is known to us or not. The important thing for us to insist upon is that, whatever bias or prejudice in favor of these ancient stories and bits of poetry being literally true may influence other minds, we Unitarians are to stand before them in the same free, undogmatic position that we take before the beginnings of all other old world literatures. We are to take as fact what we think is probable; we are bound to take nothing else. In a word, we do not believe at all in what is commonly spoken of as the *authority* of the Old Testament, meaning by "authority," in this case, that the Old Testament is such a book that we must believe what it says, when we would not believe the same thing anywhere else.

After further remarks on the composite character of the Hexateuch, Mr. Dole proceeded to consider at some length the noble Hebrew poem on the creation given in Gen. 1–2: 4. This account of creation, while not exact in a scientific sense and not in full accord with our modern view of evolution, yet *does fit into and lead up to the highest thought of God.* A comparison was drawn in certain particulars between this account and the second account of the creation, which follows it; but the hour closed before this comparison could be fully carried out.

In Mr. Dole's second lecture on the Pentateuch he drew attention to a place in the account of the creation in Genesis where evidently a new account had been interpolated. In the fourth verse of the second chapter the word Jehovah (Lord) is used in place of the Elohim (God) of the first chapter. These words are as unlike as Jupiter and Zeus. The narrative also changes its character at once. The whole order of creation is reversed. The beneficent God of the first chapter becomes an arbitrary and jealous God. It is to be noticed that chapter five takes up the story of creation again where it was left off at the end of the first chapter, precisely as though the stories of Eden and Cain had not been told. Where did this story come from? Some may say that it is allegorical. If allegorical, it has lost its old dogmatic value. It seems more like legend. The truth would seem to be that some Hebrew writer, finding in Babylon the ancient tablets (which have been lately deciphered), and reading their old stories of the early attempts of man to make out the mysteries of pain, sin, and death, brought together what suited his own purpose, changing the name of the Assyrian deity to that of his own God. If the Hebrews had their own traditions similar to those of Babylon, it is immaterial where the historian of Ezra's period got his material, since the story here considered is evidently legendary and not historic.

Why spend time on a story unworthy of credence? It is because it has been and still is made to support such an enormous superstructure of human opinion and because it is the corner-stone of past and present theologies. The doctrine of the subjection of woman draws its Scripture support from this story. There are even some Unitarians today under the subtle bondage of this legend of barbarism. All the common theologies — from which the liberal theology is a new departure — are based upon the story of Adam's fall. That there are fragments of truth in this story no one can deny; but the main point in it is that this is a lost world, and every man since Adam lies under God's wrath. This strange story of the fall of man can be traced back through much misty theology, with some passages from Paul, to the childlike story in Genesis. Can any one read this story intelligently and call it fact? Is there any moral worth in the story? How far shall we tell it to boys and girls? The child's attitude of reverence toward the Bible and the general moral purpose for which it stands ought to enable us to turn the Bible stories to profit. The stories we have been considering are fruitful in moral suggestions. The child is naturally interested in the origin of things, why God allows pain, sin, and disease, and why men need die. Here then is the story of what men used to tell their children of such things, the plain stories in which Jesus and Paul were brought up. Have we nothing to amend in these stories? From these rude beginnings can we not see a higher plane of question and answer to reach? Suppose the child tries to think what the dangerous serpents are nowadays that make mischief. What is this strange tree of knowledge? Is it good to be innocent? What may then be better than innocence? Then there is the question as to the progress possible in Adam's paradise and the comparison of the Jesus type with that of Adam and Eve, of the Hebrew idea of God with that of our day.

In speaking of the long lives of the descendants of Adam, the speaker said all this seemed part of the strange impression which lasts to this day that the old times were better, that men then lived longer and more easily than at present.

HINTS FOR TEACHERS.

At the Sunday-School Institute recently held in Chicago, under the direction of the Western Unitarian Sunday-school Society, one morning of the session was given to questions and answers, Rev. J. L. Jones presiding and conducting the exercise. From a report of the meeting given in "Unity" we select some of the queries and the replies which they called forth, slightly changing in some instances their phraseology:

Question. Shall so-called "liberal" doctrines be taught in the Sunday-schools? If so, at what stage of the child's intellectual development shall we begin?

Answer. If you do not give the child your own belief, he will take some one's else. Answer questions when the child asks them. Tell the children only what you know. Make doctrine subordinate.

Q. Is it wise to have little children take part in Sunday-school concerts? Does it not make them bold, and take away the timidity of childhood, and make them miniature men and women?

A. That depends on the child. Take the children that do not want to. The prevailing opinion seems to be against the practice. All agree in condemning display and turning the work of the school into a money-making business.

Q. Is it right to have more children in a Sunday-school class than can receive the best work of the teacher?

A. A good teacher with a class of twenty-five is better than a poor teacher with a class of three or four. Never make a new class unless you have a new teacher. There are not too many children but too few teachers.

Q. How shall we keep older scholars in school?

A. It is necessary to have a good example set them. Let the parents come and then the boys and girls will. Elevate the quality of work. Teach more ethics. Get acquainted with the pupils. Love is as strong an influence as labor. Do not let them wear out their interest in church work before they are old enough to begin it.

Q. How can grown people be made to see the importance of the Sunday-schools so that they will sustain them?

A. If the children are enthusiastic the parents will come. First of all, demand attention and regularity. Go to see why the child does not come. Do not allow children in lesson hour to talk about personal affairs. Give them questions to look up and be sure and call for the answers next Sunday.

Q. Should Sunday-school study and class work be devoted mainly to a literary and secular knowledge of the Bible, or should the moral lessons and spiritual teachings be made dominant?

A. Neither can be carried on successfully without the other.

Q. To what extent should the common-school system of preparation and instruction be followed in the Sunday-school?

A. Mrs. Conger said the standard in public schools was good. She had questioned high-school girls and boys, and asked them how much time they gave to the preparation of a lesson. Thirty minutes was the most any of them gave. Our children ought to give Sunday-school lessons the same respect that they show to their public-school lessons. If we try it in a good way, they will prepare themselves as in public schools.

Q. How can we get children to help teachers teach?

A. We ought to get the boys and girls to bring their questions from their own wants, and then they will help us in our work.

At another session of the Institute "Character Lessons" were considered. The questions related to the way to adapt such lessons to pupils of different ages. For the "little ones" it was thought that Bible stories should be told; but these stories should not be used merely to entertain the children. The growth of the moral sense in children cannot be anticipated. It solidifies slowly like the bones in the child's body. With boys and girls of an intermediate age the aim should be to so enforce the lesson on the mind of the child that it will become part of his every-day life. When conduct is thus incorporated with life, and the sense of duty awakened and developed, the foundation is laid for a good *religious* character.

Older classes should be taught citizen and neighbor lessons. To be a good citizen is to be a good Christian, and *vice versa*. An eleventh commandment was suggested: Thou shalt go to the polls.

In the session that was devoted to Primary Class work many fruitful hints were dropped by the several speakers. The question was asked, What shall be done with those little ones who are eager to answer all the questions, and with the bashful ones who will not answer any? To this it was replied, Look sometimes over the hands of the first class to the others. Yet it is often a real help to the teacher to have these ever-ready hands; the bashful pupils will in time learn to answer, if let alone. One lady teacher gave an object-lesson on a piece of bread, showing how to draw children's attention to the sources from which the various elements in the bread have come. The aim in such lessons should be to accustom the child early to think beyond visible objects to their causes. This leads to the thought of gratitude to God and of our debt to those human workers whose toil produces the bread we eat.

One speaker remarked that some little ones dislike to feel that God is ever with them. It gives them a sense of being watched. To this it was added that the name of God should never be mentioned to a child except when both the speaker and the listener are filled with true and serious emotion.

A kindergarten school-teacher thought that kindergarten material was too general and too crude for use in Sunday-schools; yet charts (and by implication, blackboard) were necessary. In the singing better words and better rhythm than those of kindergarten songs were needed. The great aim is to secure attention to the teacher. Three minutes' attention from a little child is worth more than half an hour from a grown person.

Mr. Dole has been giving a most helpful series of talks on a subject of interest to every Sunday-school teacher. Rev. S. H. Winkley, our veteran text-book writer, said at the close of the first lecture that he wished his entire body of teachers could have been present. Our readers will find the first two of these talks reported in the Teachers' Department of this number of Every Other Sunday.

AN EVERY OTHER SUNDAY EXTRA.

We have issued a four-page Extra to Every Other Sunday for Jan. 8, 1888, which contains a full report of Dr. Peabody's two Lecture-talks on "How to teach the Old Testament" and "How to teach the New Testament." This Extra is not sent with each copy of the paper, as it is designed for the use of our Sunday-school teachers; but we shall send enough copies of it to each school where the paper is taken to enable every teacher to have a copy. If any other persons wish for copies, they can obtain them, free of charge, by addressing a postal-card to the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 25 Beacon Street, Boston.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of Every Other Sunday is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.